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God's Choicest Gift to Our Country; Kentucky's Most Distinguished Son; America's First and Greatest Commoner; the World's Mightiest Champion of Freedom; the Masterful Man of the Ages—Abraham Lincoln.

SPEECH

OF

HON. JOHN M. ROBSON

OF KENTUCKY

DELIVERED ON ABRAHAM LINCOLN AT PHILADELPHIA, PA.

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Mr. TAYLOR of Tennessee. Mr. Speaker and gentlemen of the House, under the leave granted to me I have the honor to submit for publication in the RECORD a masterly address delivered by my brilliant and distinguished colleague from Kentucky, the Hon. JOHN M. ROBSON. This address, which is one of the best I have ever read on the subject, was delivered in the city of Philadelphia, a city rich in historical reminiscence, on the 12th of February last—the one hundred and sixteenth anniversary of the birth of the immortal Abraham Lincoln—at memorial exercises held under the auspices of the Sons of Veterans of America. It was particularly appropriated that Judge ROBSON was invited by this patriotic organization to deliver the principal address on this occasion, because Judge ROBSON embodies in his character and personality many of the features and qualities of the great emancipator. Tall, gaunt, and ungainly like Lincoln, he possesses the Lincoln homely philosophy, the Lincoln common sense, and the Lincoln good humor.

This eloquent address of my colleague, for whom I entertain the greatest respect and admiration, is a valuable contribution to the literature on the life, character, and career of this outstanding American, and it is both a pleasure and a privilege to me to extend my remarks by inserting it in the permanent records of the House of Representatives:

Mr. ROBSON of Kentucky: Mr. Toastmaster, veterans, sons of veterans, and friends, it is with very keen appreciation that I appear to-night to address this distinguished assemblage of Pennsylvanians and veterans from all parts of the Nation in your great metropolis, and join with you in renewing our devotion to God's choicest gift to our country, Kentucky's most distinguished son, America's first and greatest commoner, the world's mightiest champion of freedom, the masterful man of the ages—Abraham Lincoln. I appreciate this honor the more because of the very intimate relation that existed between the people of your State and the great emancipator. You and he had a common ideal and purpose; you struggled shoulder to shoulder with him; you shared with him the bitterness of reverses; you rejoiced with him in victory; the blood of your sons was mingled with his blood; and the fruits of your united sacrifices are now the rich heritage of the Republic.

The record of Pennsylvania from the very first day of its settlement has been an inspiration to me. Your State was founded on the human principles of freedom, justice, and brotherly love. When you were a Colony you wrought gloriously on the field of battle and brought wisdom to the councils of state. Was it not in your own beautiful city that the immortal Declaration of Independence was first published to the world; the Liberty Bell sounded the death knell of despotism on the western continent and called the hosts of freedom to arms? Our sacred emblem, the Stars and Stripes, was born here. It was on your soil at Valley Forge where American patriots walked with almost bare feet on the frozen ground and snow and left their bloody footprints; Robert Morris, one of your own patriots, piled high his personal fortune as a sacrifice on the altar of our country; while the brilliant Franklin brought to us the support of the French Nation. The world can not forget that Gettysburg is a part of your soil. Our country can never pay the debt of gratitude to the sons of Pennsylvania whose blood was poured out so generously there. The life of the Nation hangs in the balance. It was there the rebellion reached its high-water mark; it was there the Pennsylvanians in greatest numbers and the veterans from other States forced General Lee's seasoned

troops back over the stone wall on Culps Hill and turned their faces to the southward; the Confederacy was lost and the Union was saved. It was in your city that President-elect Lincoln, on his journey from Springfield to the Nation's Capital 64 years ago, declared to you and to the world his idealism and devotion to the Constitution and the Union. It was here his body lay in state on its journey from the Nation's Capital to his old home in Springfield, Ill.; and it seems to me entirely fitting and proper that Kentucky and Pennsylvania should join in doing him honor on this his one hundred and sixteenth anniversary.

ROMANCE, PATHOS, TRAGEDY, GREATNESS

I do not flatter myself that I can bring anything new to you in relation to this great man. Thousands of books and pamphlets have been written; eloquent eulogies have been delivered in every forum and pulpit and on every platform; the genius of poet, painter, and sculptor has been exhausted. The genealogist has delved deep into his ancestry; the psychologist and moralist have searched his innermost mind and penetrated his very soul in an effort to find the secret of his power and greatness. I think the centuries to come will be necessary to make a complete appraisal of his life and character. But the fact remains no human story surpasses in fascination and inspiration that of Abraham Lincoln. It is the story of the great outdoors, of humility, poverty, struggles, disappointments and defeats; a story of romance, of pathos, of tragedy, of greatness, crowned with masterful success. Washington has a place of his own in the minds and hearts of our people, as the Father of our Country. Grant, Lee, Sumner, Stanton, Seward, Douglass, and others of Lincoln's time, Jefferson, Hamilton, Jackson, Roosevelt, and others of other times, tower like mighty peaks across the years of our history. But Lincoln, the log-cabin boy of the Kentucky hills and the Illinois frontier, in my humble opinion rises in majestic grandeur above them all, and like the snow-covered and storm-swept crest of Mount Everest of the Himalayas, defies all human agencies to explore his heights. He is the most colossal figure in American life and most influential upon its history.

THE MAN OF DESTINY

Can we not think of Lincoln as a coworker with God? God looking out upon the world in the early morning of the new century, heard the baying of the bloodhound as he pursued through forest and swamp the fugitive slave; He heard the cries from the pain of the lash; He heard the prayers from thousands of humble cabins that ascended to the great white throne; He heard the wail of the black mother when the golden chord of mother and child was rudely broken by the slave trader; He saw the suffering of the oppressed millions of bondmen; He saw the most beautiful flower of his handiwork among the nations—your country and mine—in peril. He needed a man to free a race and to save this Nation. He went to the hills of old Kentucky and found a mother who was noble, pure, and true, and brought forth a son from that log-cabin home, in which there was no floor except the earth. He rocked him in the cradle of want; trained him in the school of adversity; He taught him the lesson of humanity, tenderness, and love when He touched his heart with sorrow and chastened his mind and soul with defeat and disappointment; He brought him in direct contact with the common people; He kept him close to nature; He placed on his brow the mark of destiny and guided his footsteps in the ways of the infinite. Was he not like our Saviour in the surroundings of his birth; like Him in contact with the humble and poor; like Him in disappointment, pain, and suffering; like Him in being a blood sacrifice; like Him in winning his sublime victory in death?

THE MAN OF SORROW

When Lincoln was 7 years of age his father and mother removed with him to the State of Indiana, and when he was a mere lad his mother died. His grief was overwhelming. This scar never healed. Lincoln and his father, with their own hands, made a rude coffin for her. After the death of Lincoln's mother, his father married Miss Ann Bush. She was a splendid woman and had considerable training and culture. She loved this big, awkward boy and helped to train him. When Lincoln was 17 years of age his only sister died. This broke the last tie of earthly affection. The roving spirit of Lincoln's father carried the family to the westward, to the free soil of Illinois, but they left the graves of the mother and sister in the wilderness. In Illinois Lincoln met a beautiful country girl by the name of Ann Rutledge. But before the marriage could take place she died. Lincoln's bereavement was so great that some of his friends were fearful he

would lose his reason. Lincoln said at her grave in after years that the epitaph on her tombstone should read:

"Here lies buried the body of Ann Rutledge
And the heart of Abraham Lincoln."

Lincoln could and did love intensely and madly. We who have been bereft of a good mother and have loved deeply a gentle, pure, beautiful woman, and this love has been returned, can not we feel that we are comrades of the Great Emancipator? The withdrawal of the South from the Union, the bloodshed and carnage filled the cup of sorrow of Lincoln to overflowing. But he never wavered in his great purpose. His tragic death was the culmination of 50 years of disappointment and heartaches.

FAILURES AND SUCCESSES

The life of Lincoln is noteworthy as well for its failures as for its success. He was a farmer, rail splitter, flatboatman, surveyor, postmaster, merchant, and Indian fighter. It is said he failed in all of his business ventures. He knew the sting of defeat. He lost in his first race for the State Legislature in Illinois, but subsequently served his district for three terms in that body. He was defeated in his first attempt to be elected to Congress, but served one term in the National House of Representatives. He was an applicant for judge, for governor of a Territory, for secretary of a Territory, and for a position in the Land Office at Washington, but was turned down for all these. He was defeated for the Republican nomination for Vice President in 1856, and lost in a most memorable fight for United States Senator from Illinois in 1858 to that brilliant orator and statesman, Stephen A. Douglas. But the great principles he expounded and the masterful presentation of these principles made him the logical candidate for President on the Republican ticket in 1860 and assured his election. For 20 years he was oppressed by debt. While it only amounted to \$1,100, he called it "The national debt," and was not entirely relieved of it until he was elected to Congress. All of his creditors were willing to renew his obligations but one; this man brought suit, secured judgment, and had an execution levied on Lincoln's surveying instruments. They were sold at public sale. They were bought in by a farmer friend, who took the instruments and laid them at Lincoln's feet, and said, "Here; start again." This same farmer in after years removed to the State of Nebraska. After Lincoln became President he learned that his old farmer friend and benefactor was in need. President Lincoln lost no time in sending needed help to his old friend. Ingratitude never found any abiding place in the soul of Abraham Lincoln.

TWO SHIPS AND TWO MEN

In the year of 1619 there landed on the Virginia coast a ship loaded with black men to become slaves, and thus there was planted on our soil the institution of slavery.

In the year 1620 another ship, the *Mayflower*, landed on the coast of Massachusetts. It was loaded with people coming to our shores to seek and establish freedom.

These two mighty opposing forces spread to other sections and grew from year to year.

About the same time that Abraham Lincoln was born in the hills of Kentucky in a log cabin another son was born to a well-to-do family in a more favored section of Kentucky, but not far from the place of Lincoln's birth. History teaches us that the highlanders throughout the ages have always been the champions of freedom and the foes of oppression. Lincoln was of the highlands. He despised slavery. The free soil of the North, his new home, strengthened him in his opposition to that institution. The father of Jefferson Davis carried him to the cotton fields and cane plantations of the South. He early became the champion of slavery and secession and was the logical leader of the Southern Confederacy; and thus Kentucky furnished Abraham Lincoln, the champion of freedom and union, and Jefferson Davis, the champion of slavery and secession.

The people of Kentucky were themselves divided. Those in the hills, Lincoln's kind of people, adhered to the Union. The people of the valleys and plains, the slaveholders of Kentucky, supported the Confederacy.

Webster and Clay with their logic and eloquence for many years attempted to pacify the fears of the Nation and to check the rising storm and to compose the conflicting elements. They reasoned, they implored, they compromised, but they could only postpone the day. There came upon the stage Sumner, Seward, Phillips, Davis, Toombs, Douglas, and others; they knew no compromise; there was no neutral ground. The clouds grew thicker and thicker; the lightnings flashed across the political firmament; the roar of the coming storm grew louder and louder; there was discord, distrust, and fears throughout the Nation; mortal combats were seen. Although there were many great minds arrayed on each side, no one seemed to be able to diagnose the disease and point to the remedy. The hour had come for Divine Providence's leader, Abraham Lincoln. This gaunt, giant figure rose on the frontier of Illinois, and amid the clash of conflicting interests and the clouds of doubt and uncertainty and the roar of the passion of angry men diagnosed the Nation's disease and pointed to the remedy when he declared:

"A house divided against itself can not stand. This Nation can not long endure half slave and half free. I do not expect the house to fall. But I do expect it to cease to be divided."

The Nation at that time had many great minds, but the times required a man, some one with both a great mind and a great heart. Lincoln had both, and they worked in unison. Lincoln could not only see the needs of humanity but he could feel the heart throbs and hear the cries of the humble and poor. His great intellect pierced the hypocrisy of our declaration of being a free country when we had millions in bondage. He knew the peril to this country was African slavery. He had sensed the throbbing pulse of the American people and found that the true American ideals revolted against this sinister institution. He knew slavery had been indicted by the civilization of the centuries, and we would have to destroy slavery or it would destroy us. Lincoln declared for an ideal; he voiced the hopes of humanity; he sounded the bugle call of freedom.

The slaveholding groups of the South recoiled from the man of the West. They knew that slavery and Abraham Lincoln could not both dwell on the same soil. While Lincoln desired freedom for the slaves, he was more concerned for the Union. But his fine conception of honesty and justice led him to call a conference with the leaders of the Confederacy, when it was tottering on its last legs, without hope of success, prepared to offer to pay the slave owners \$400,000,000 for their slaves. But the representatives of the Confederacy spurned his proposition. They demanded recognition of the Confederacy. The bald fact is the Southern States in their effort to save slavery made African slavery the corner stone. Lincoln knew if the Confederacy was ever overthrown, the corner stone must be withdrawn, and hence he issued the emancipation and proclamation. Practically all students of history agree now that if the South had not precipitated the war, the Government would have paid the slave owners for their slaves. What a blessing that would have been to all.

APPEAL FOR UNION AND PEACE

Lincoln had a great passion for peace and the Union. His appeal to the leaders of the South for peace and union is one of the finest expressions of love, tenderness, and magnanimity in the history of the world. At the same time he cast the responsibility of bloodshed and disunion on the South. In his first inaugural address he did not appeal to fear, but to the higher and nobler sentiments, when he said:

"In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow countrymen, and not in mine is the momentous issue of civil war. The Government will not assail you. You can have no oath registered in heaven to destroy this Government, while I shall have the most solemn one to preserve, protect, and defend it."

Like a father to a prodigal son who was about to leave the old homestead he stretches his hands toward the southern leaders and with sublime tenderness, sweetness, and gentleness declares:

"We are not enemies but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory stretching from every battle field and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land will yet swell the chorus of the Union when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature."

In one wonderful sweep he carries the minds of the southern leaders through eight years of sacrifice and suffering, from Lexington to Yorktown; two and one-half years of struggle in the second war of independence; to the battle fields of Mexico; yes, to the thousand of battle fields and countless thousands of patriot graves, in all of which the South gave unstintingly of her treasure and her blood. Would all of this suffering, heroism, and sacrifice be in vain? Would they destroy that which they had contributed so much to create and maintain?

LINCOLN THE TENDERHEARTED

To record all the stories in which Lincoln's great sympathy was enlisted by the importunities of father, mother, wife, and daughter in granting pardons and saving the life of some father's son, husband, or brother during the four years of bloody war would fill many volumes. Although he just came out of a heated race for the Presidency in 1864 he was not too much absorbed to write that wonderful letter to Mrs. Bixby, who had given five sons to the cause of the Union.

"DEAR MADAM: I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the adjutant general of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any word of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I can not refrain from tendering you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the Republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

"Yours very sincerely and respectfully,

"A. LINCOLN."

In his second inaugural address, although he had been assailed from within and from without, he said:

"With malice toward none and charity for all. Let us join to bind up the Nation's wounds."

It was the custom of President Lincoln to spend as much time as possible at the hospitals visiting the wounded soldiers. He had spent most of the day at one of the hospitals near the city of Washington. Just as he was ready to get into his carriage and return to the White House the word was brought to him that a Confederate soldier who was dying in the hospital wanted to see the President. Mr. Lincoln at once returned to the hospital and was taken where the soldier was lying upon his cot, and when he came to the dying soldier he heard him say:

"I knew they were mistaken; I knew they were mistaken."

Doubtless somebody had told this Confederate soldier that Lincoln was a monster. President Lincoln took the soldier's hand and asked him what he could do. He said:

"The surgeon says I can not get well. I do not know anybody here, and I wanted to see you before I died. I want you to send some things home for me."

Then Mr. Lincoln stooped and took his hand in his two and said:

"Now, my boy, is there anything else I can do? I have been here most of the day. I am busy, and I must go."

The boy said in broken tones:

"Oh! I thought if you did not mind you might stay with me and see me through."

And there stood the President bending over the dying soldier with tears dropping upon his coat sleeves. He held the hand of this poor Confederate soldier until his spirit took its flight. There is no more touching or beautiful picture in the history of the world. Some inspired genius ought to record that scene on living canvas. The President of the mightiest Republic, with his cares, his sorrows, and responsibilities, stooping to soothe a dying soldier who had planned to overthrow the Nation and to destroy Lincoln himself.

In the four years of struggle when shafts of hate and malice were thrust through his very soul he utters no word of abuse against any of his enemies and traducers. From childhood to death, can we not see the spirit of Him who on the cross said:

"Forgive them, Father, for they know not what they do."

LINCOLN THE STRONGHEARTED

There are some who have been led to believe because of Lincoln's tenderness that he might be weak and would permit maudlin sentiment to overthrow sound judgment and reason. When right and justice were involved and great issues were at stake, Lincoln was as bold as a lion and as firm as adamant. When warned that his opposition to the extension of slavery or the abolition of slavery would destroy his career, he said:

"Broken by it I, too, may be; bow to it I never will. The probability that we may fall in a worthy cause is not a sufficient justification for our refusing to support it."

Who ever expressed more faith and courage than Lincoln in his second inaugural address when he declared:

"Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray that this scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God will that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondsman's 250 years of unrequited toil shall be sunk and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said 3,000 years ago, still it must be said that 'the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.'"

On another occasion he declared that he must stand with him who is right and as long as he is right, and forsake those who are wrong however large the majority might be.

LINCOLN THE CONQUEROR

We are filled with amazement when we compare Lincoln's opportunities with his achievements. Four short months represented his school days, yet he was the greatest master of logic, perhaps, that has appeared on any American platform. Who has surpassed him in eloquence? He may not have been a great scholar, yet he was a man of vast knowledge acquired day by day with determination and lofty purpose. What an inspiration his life is to struggling girls and boys, young men and young women of the Nation when they see him step from the log cabin to the White House, and now the most commanding figure in the history of our country. From whence did he gather this great store of knowledge and this eloquence to enable him to deliver the masterpieces of logic and eloquence in his great debates with Douglas, his speech at Columbus, Ohio, at Cooper Union Institute, New York, at Gettysburg, his first and second inaugural addresses. He kept close to the people. His great soul and mind sought the right. This led him to be a close student of the Bible, Shakespeare, Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, and the Life of Washington. Here we find the purest Anglo-Saxon. They are the fountains of eloquence. Here is the choicest and best of science, art, and literature, and above all we may learn the lessons of right and justice, courage, honesty, and nobility, learn some-

thing of God's great purposes and learn, as Lincoln did, that he is greatest who serves best; that the only real success is in service to our Maker and mankind. Lincoln was a crusader. He had a mission in the world. Lincoln's heart was right. God intended to unite goodness and greatness in men. We find both of these present in Lincoln. Lincoln loved freedom and justice. Is not justice as eternal as the hills? We might as well try to blot out the sun as to try to kill the spirit of freedom.

FAITH IN GOD AND THE PEOPLE

The agnostic and infidel have tried to claim Lincoln for themselves. It is a matter of fact that Lincoln was a man of the deepest religious convictions. No man has ever occupied the White House who was so profoundly religious in his nature and who had such a great reverence for God and relied more on Him for guidance and help. This characteristic manifested itself in his childhood and continued throughout his life.

You will recall when his mother died there was no minister to preach her funeral and this added to his sorrow. Months thereafter he brought a minister through the forests a hundred miles from Kentucky to Indiana to perform this service. He also had a sublime faith in the people of the Nation. One of the most beautiful and eloquent farewells ever spoken was that spoken by President-elect Lincoln on a cold, bleak, rainy morning on the 11th of February, 1861, to his neighbors who had gathered to bid him farewell. In this neighborly feeling he did not overlook the gratitude due to them. He tells them he is depending upon God and he can not succeed without His help. He urges his old neighbors and friends to pray for him.

When General Jackson threatened Washington, President Lincoln said he feared Jackson more than any other Confederate general because Jackson was a praying general.

Lincoln was not identified with any particular church. On this subject he said:

"Show me the church which writes over its portals, 'Thou shalt love thy God with all thy strength of heart and mind, and thy neighbor as thyself,' and I will walk a hundred miles to join that church."

Did not the Saviour declare that this was the great commandment? It at once declares for the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. While his faith in God was sublime, his trust in the common people never faltered. On one occasion he declared:

"That you could fool a part of the people some of the time, and some of the people all of the time, but you could not fool all of the people all of the time."

The cause of freedom and the Nation's life was hanging in the balance at Gettysburg, General Sickles was wounded in that battle. Later on he asked President Lincoln if he had any fears as to the outcome of the battle, and Lincoln said:

"General Sickles, while the battle was raging I went into a little room in the White House, where nobody goes but me, and just got down on both knees and prayed to the Lord God Almighty as I have never prayed before, and I told Him this was His people and this was His country, and these were His battles we were fighting, and we could not stand any more Fredericksburgs or Chancellorsvilles, and I told Him if He would stand by me I would stand by Him, and after that, Sickles, I somehow had no more fear about Gettysburg."

Doctor Brooks, a great preacher, asked Lincoln how much time he devoted on his relations to God, and Lincoln replied:

"I spend more time on my relations to God than any other thing. I would consider myself a veriest blockhead if I thought I could get through with a single day's business without relying on Him who doeth all things well."

On another occasion he declared:

"God must have loved the common people or He would not have made so many of them."

It seems he took hold of the strong arm of God with one hand and took the hands of the people in the other. He was led and inspired by Divine Providence and was sustained and comforted by the people. With this union and this partnership is it surprising that wrong was overthrown and right triumphed and that there is recorded nowhere a mean act in his whole life; is it strange he always tempered justice with mercy and that the cries of the widows and fatherless and oppressed never passed unheeded?

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

The great Civil War had dragged through its long and weary years of carnage, bloodshed, and destruction of property and life, with its hate and bitterness. The mystic chords of memory reaching from every patriot grave was beginning to touch that finer and better nature of those of the North and the South. The silver lining through the clouds could be seen; Appomattox had come; General Lee and his men had laid down their arms and were returning to their homes; President Lincoln was happy in his program of conciliation and healing. His uppermost thought was to bring the South back into her former happy relation with the Union at the earliest date possible. He was

ready to forgive and forget, but passion, hate, greed, and selfishness had not entirely spent themselves; they demanded another victim; the cause of freedom and union required another sacrifice; the blood sacrifice of the Emancipator. While he was surrounded by friends at the Ford Theater on April 14, 1865, John Wilkes Booth shot him. He was carried to a room across the street and there in a small bare room amid surroundings not unlike those of his early days of poverty, the soul of the great Emancipator on the morning of the next day returned to its Maker, and forever sealed the fate of slavery and disunion. It took the broken body of Abraham Lincoln to write the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth amendments into the organic law of the land. His dead body bridged the yawning chasm between the North and the South. Slavery and disunion can never again cast their ominous shadows across his lifeless form. His martyrdom brought concord where there was discord; brought union where there was disunion; brought love where there was hate; and brought affection where there was malice; supplanted darkness with light. The South realized it had lost its best friend; union and freedom their greatest defender; and the world its greatest statesman. When Jefferson Davis heard of the death of Lincoln he exclaimed:

"Next to the fall of the Confederacy the death of Lincoln is the greatest blow that the South has received."

Seward the orator and statesman exclaimed:

"Lincoln was the best man I ever knew."

Secretary of War Stanton who often differed with Lincoln, at his bier said:

"There lies the greatest man that ever ruled any country."

On this the one hundred and sixteenth anniversary of his birth, there is naught but love and admiration. His memory is wreathed with the flowers of love and affection and gratitude from every true American, of every faith, of every creed, of every race and condition of life. He is to-day North, East, South, and West hailed as the deliverer and savior of the Republic. His image is enshrined on the hearts of men and women everywhere who love freedom, justice, and righteousness. It can be said at his grave:

"Oh death, where is thy sting."

"Oh grave, where is thy victory."

The sting of death was healed with the love and affection of mankind. His matchless success snatched victory from the grave.

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JOY IN HEAVEN

If it be true, as many of us believe, that the spirits of the departed take note of the affairs of men, can we not vision the martyred President and those noble men and women who were his coworkers in the cause of freedom and the Republic, looking out over the battlefields of heaven and their unspeakable joy when they survey our wonderful country? When their spirits took their flight from battle fields and hospitals from sixty-one to sixty-five there were only 33 States, and these were torn with malice, hate, and war; but to-day there are 48 great sovereign States bound together, not merely by the bonds and ties of the Constitution, but by the union of the hearts and souls of 112,000,000 loyal Americans with one flag and one country. They see us the richest and most-favored Nation in the world. They see us happy, prosperous, and content. They see our possessions extend far beyond the seas, so vast that the sun in its course never leaves our borders. They see us with the mightiest man power of any country in the world. They, too, must see our problems of the future. My friends, the world has never seen another country like yours and mine, and the world can never see another like it. There is no place on the globe in which you can carve out such another country. You can not find the climate, the diversity of soil, the wealth of its products, the beauty of its scenery, the richness of its natural resources, and, above all, its prosperous, cultured, loyal people; but we must not feel that there is no service for us. There are wrongs to be righted, oppression to be relieved, the poor and humble to be protected and defended, the enemies of our country and our flag to be driven from our shores, our law, our Constitution, and our institutions to be upheld. We must lead the world in the paths of justice, peace, and righteousness, and above all we must provide for those who carried the Stars and Stripes to honor and to victory and for their widows and orphans. Our defenders and their loved ones should ever be the objects of our tenderest care and solicitude. We should all pledge our fullest measure of devotion to the great principles for which Lincoln lived and died, and ever to keep alive the mystic chords of memory that stretch from every patriot's grave and every battle field from Lexington to Flanders Field, and hand down to our posterity a heritage enriched by the sacrifice and blood of all our noble men and women, so that this Government—your country and mine—as a Government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth.